

**WHEN a Man and a Woman Are
United by a Lie, Can Anything
Efface the Memory of It? A New
Treatment of the Problem by One of
America's Leading Authors.**

from grass and scattering the seeds. "What she was doing was to train when an automobile came by, and she would stop to be beside the Turnbull hitching post," Leslie Lemley learned after his husband's death. "She would stop and call out in a voice which was sweet and low, and she would be filled with winds over harpsstrings of rusted gold."

"Oh," Turnbull said.

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When a tall, graceful tower of marquetried wood arose above the high, white, jagged curve of the ridge, Leslie Lemley knew that he was in the eighth wreaths of oakwood, and that the forest was the forest of the eighteenth century clock loomed over a waste of Victorian furniture and a waste of Victorian furniture. He felt the wind of the forest, the parvenus. Its fretted hands lay idly on the silver dial, pointing the hour of 10 in some forgotten year.

When Helen returned, after making a tour of the forest, she found

internment in a hospital—the doctors had been so kind as to call it “a nervous breakdown.” Whatever it was, a mild indulgence in whiskey and soda had brought it on again. The veriest sip of liquor seemed to destroy the fragile balance of Fred’s mind.

“Spurring did not come into her life, by any stretching of that hackneyed phrase. She had gone into him.

One morning, about a week after Fred’s illness had come on, Helen had gone to the hospital a little early to be told by the nurse that he was still asleep. She had got him a good

the pages of a crisply worded note, mentioning repayment in three years at a regular rate of interest. She had carried that letter for several days before pride had yielded to want and she had made a deposit in a Charleville bank.

It took her, though, for she had pursued her for that wicked deed. She seldom left Fred alone, but she had stolen away to the bank at midmorning, while he was still asleep; she had met Syria, the capable negress, on the boarding-house stairs and besought her with bribes to stand alert in the event that Mr. Lefsky should awake and ask for her. The woman had agreed, and she had hoped, and

held up by a masked bandit on the open highway. Not that I wish to alarm you, Mrs. Lemley."

"Oh, no. You couldn't do that," she answered, quaking sincerely.

"I occupy the position of coroner here, and the little man—"

"So Miss Turnbull told me," replied Helen, amused in spite of her self.

"And my public position commits me to the side of law and order. But I am free to say, Mrs. Lemley, that I should condone any violence—to wit, shooting or lynching—in the name of public decency. My son and his wife have gone out to dine and taken with them my watch dog."

tavia had popped out from robber mice; this she laid out on the table with some vague idea of a recipe she could not remember. The terror came upon her this time in another form. What if she, too, should lose her reason in this lonely house, chained to the half-man with whom she was forewarned to endure? Again she bullied herself into calm and fell to setting the black walnut table with nicked Turnbull china.

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HE was gone a long time, Helen thought—or did it only seem a long time to her apprehensive mind? She knew how it enraged him to be

UNDER less trying circumstances Helen would have laughed at the drunken dignity of the man sitting there in his comic suit, a half-empty bottle in one hand and in the other a heavy dish of broken cheese; on the carpet before him, as though fascinated by his lecture, the mouse sat upright.

There was no trace of the experienced philanthropist in that worshipful look he gave her. Yet always since she had known him she had dreaded the hour when he might speak like this. And now that the hour had struck she knew to her shame what bitter-sweetness his devotion brought to her.

"I didn't come here to talk this way," he apologized. "It's just because I'm stepping out. What I say oughtn't to matter now."

She made no answer and he blurted, "What a love you've given him, Helen!"

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"HERE SHE MOTIONED SPURLING TO A SEAT BESIDE HER AND THEY TALKED IN GUARDED TONES."

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